

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE

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Original Communications.

United States District Court. Western District of South Carolina—August Term, 1870—Hon. George S. Bryan District Judge, Presiding.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10th.
The Court was opened at 11 o'clock. Geo. S. Bryan presiding. The Grand and Pleas Jurors answered to their names.

United States vs. Rich Lee, Jr. Distiller without paying tax. No pros., except as to first count. Jury No. 1 charged with this case, rendered a verdict of "Guilty of being a laborer in an illegal distillery." J. C. Hicks, Foreman; and sentenced to an imprisonment of two months and a fine of one hundred dollars.

Ex. parte Wm. McGill Fleming. Petition for admission to practice in United States Courts. On motion of W. E. Earle, petitioner was admitted, sworn and commissioned to practice in United States Courts.

The Grand Jury returned into Court with the following bills as follows: United States vs. Wilson N. Cantrell and Henderson Cash. Distillers without paying tax. No bills, and true bills in following cases: United States vs. Jno. Gosnell, fraudulent use of inspected barrels; Henry O. Herrick, extortion and wilful oppression in office; Zachariah T. Taylor, extortion and wilful oppression in office; Jesse Jenkins, distiller and retail liquor dealer without paying tax; Tyre Odell, distiller and retail liquor dealer without paying tax; Gabriel M. Thomas, personating Revenue officer.

The Grand Jury were adjourned to return on the 22d August, 1870, at 12 o'clock.

United States vs. Wm. Dan Bailey. Distiller without paying tax. Jury No. 1 charged with this case, returned a verdict of "guilty." J. C. Hicks, Foreman; and defendant sentenced to six months imprisonment and fine of one thousand dollars.

United States vs. John J. Odam. Distiller and retail liquor dealer. Jury No. 2 charged with the case, returned a verdict of not guilty of distilling. Guilty of retailing, and defendant sentenced to six months imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars.

The Court then adjourned till to-morrow, at 11 o'clock.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11.
The Court was opened at 11 o'clock. A. M. Geo. S. Bryan presiding.

The Petit and Pleas Jurors answered to their names.

United States vs. Tyre Odell.—Retail liquor dealer without paying tax. Jury No. 1 charged with the case, returned a verdict of "guilty." J. C. Hicks, Foreman; and defendant sentenced to six months imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand dollars.

United States vs. Albert A. Hart. Retail liquor dealer without paying tax. Jury No. 2 charged with the case, returned a verdict of "not guilty." W. C. Cleveland, Foreman.

In Bankruptcy.—Ex. parte R. A. Latham.

In re R. A. Latham. Report of Register in Bankruptcy, J. C. Chambers, pro. Ordered, that petitioner have leave to withdraw his application for benefit of the Bankrupt Act.

For the Greenville Enterprise.

Messrs. Editors.—In viewing the present political condition of our country, and the movements of the different party organizations in convention assembled under the olive branch of peace, for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation of party spirit, on a compromise basis, under the name and style of a Union Reform party, which is a very desirable and commendable thing, and should be approved of by every reasonable man as putting an end to political strife and contention, and the burial of the tomahawk; but our people are, in the commencement, failing to perform that desirable duty as incumbent upon them, and

have to some extent violated the true principles of the anticipated compromise, by selecting all their nominees from one side, thereby reviving the old party spirit, and creating dissension, dissatisfaction and party strife, in place of alleviating and avoiding the same. It appears to me that any reasonable or rational mind, not disgraced in sheep's clothing, holding out the olive branch of peace, would consider an equal number from each party a fair and equitable basis of compromise on which to form a conservative or union reform party. Notwithstanding it is well known by all intelligent men that Democrats have very little influence in a Republican legislature, and that union reform Democrats would be suspected of leaning back to their old Democratic standard, and all their motives, however honest and correct they may be, would be mistrusted and doubted by the dark elements of our legislative halls; for which reason a majority of Republicans of conservative principles, of the best selection at the present time, would best subserve the interest of the State, and have a greater influence over the colored members of the next Legislature.—These party nominations give the whole power of selecting our officers and law making power into the hands of only a few men, who monopolize the right and sovereignty of the people to carry out their political designs and party spirit, to the injury and degradation of the State and people at large. The Constitution of the State and United States guarantees to the people a Republican form of government, with the right to select and elect their own rulers, which right is abridged or monopolized by these little nominating caucuses, which have a tendency to keep up strife, contention and dissatisfaction among the people, who, if they vote at all, are forced to the ultimate necessity of voting for the choice of a few leading politicians to carry out their partisan designs. The old plan of inducing a goodly number of candidates to come into the field from all parties, of the best and most competent men, and from their ranks let the people themselves select by ballot their own rulers, officers, &c., and throw away this undermining business of caucuses nominations, and let every man be a candidate who wishes, and leave the decision to the masses of the people, which would certainly be far preferable to the present unsatisfactory condition of things in this political era. The great corruption, fraud and speculation which has been carried on in our last Legislatures, is owing in a great measure to these cliques, party organizations and nominations, giving to the masses of the people no other alternative but to vote for these cliques or party nominations, regardless of their qualifications, whether wise men or fools, honest or dishonest, to effect and carry out their partisan designs and purposes; having its immediate connection with the present superfluous number of paying offices and high salaries, which, if not changed, is destined eventually to ruin the State. It is important that some changes or reform should be made in governmental affairs. Quite a number of extravagant, high-salaried offices, might be dispensed with, and the salaries of the balance greatly reduced. The taxes of the different counties can be collected with a saving of several thousand dollars to each county; and tax collectors should be required to go to the different election precincts over each of their counties to collect tax; numbers of poor laborers walk from fifteen to twenty-five miles to the county-seat to pay their tax, and are crowded out time after time, and finally have the penalty and cost to pay, simply because the tax collector gave them no chance to pay. There is great room for reform in the administration of our State Government, and it is desirable on the part of many voters that all nominations be cast aside; and those who were nominated, and all others who wish to become candidates, come forward and declare themselves, and let us have enough in the field to enable the people to make a good selection.

FAIRVIEW.

August 8th, 1870.

Miss MITCHELL, writing of a certain authoress, says: "She is ugly, and all literary ladies are so. I never met one in life (except Miss Jane Porter, and she is rather passable) that might not have served for a scarecrow to keep the birds from the cherries. It's prodigiously strange and disagreeable peculiarity."

Correspondence of the Mobile Republican.

A Snake Story—Fearful Fight and Horrible Death.

On Friday last, a young man named Graynor, asked me to spend the night with him and go coon hunting the next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about 3 o'clock A. M., and near day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp in Bear creek. Just after sunrise, the deep baying of the dogs informed us that the game had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bogs and tangled brush and vines in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we listened a moment for the dogs.

We had barely paused when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from beneath a low, thick bush, within a few feet of us. Though I had never heard that peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake, and sprang back in terror, remarking, "Graynor, let's leave here."

"What's that," said he, are you afraid?"

"Yes," said I, "I am afraid."

"Well, S—," he coolly remarked, "I am going to kill the snake; it would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow here. So here goes."

While Graynor was speaking I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length, and three inches in diameter in his larger part. He was lying coiled up in perfect circles, with his head drawn back in a terrible graceful curve; his small black eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twirled the warning rattles in the air, with a harsh, blood-curdling sound.

"For God's sake, let's go," said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"Don't get scared," said G.; "just climb a tree and he won't bite you. It ain't every day that a fellow meets with such a fine, large snake as this, and it wouldn't do to lose him."

He had picked up a small stick about a yard long, and while speaking, was drawing back the bushes from above the snake so as to get a sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes and tramped them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view; but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike, the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror. The next instant, Graynor exclaimed "I've got him, by George!"

I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite, while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around G.'s arms. All of a sudden, in some unaccountable manner, the snake freed his head, and quick as lightning plunged his deadly fangs into G.'s right cheek; when, dropping on the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and ringing his fearful rattles. G. turned deadly pale, paused a moment, and then, with a little stick, advanced toward the snake. As he did so, the snake made a spring at him, but G. struck him with a stick and knocked him back.

A second time the snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with a stick, but before he could strike a third blow, the snake had made another spring, and inflicted another wound on Graynor's arm. This time Graynor again managed to seize the monster by the neck, and dropping the stick, he drew forth his knife with one hand, opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snake's head. Blood spouted from the trunk, and G. still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him, turned toward me, staggered and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him, "what in the name of God can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he calmly, "I am dying. Tell them good-bye," and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his thick, swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan; a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead.

Marking the place as well as I could, I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half

a mile from the fatal tragedy. It was sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place, which I found no difficulty in pointing out.

Good heavens! what a sight met our view. The face and body had turned to a deep purple, and were swollen to three times the natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he was thrown, and was still writhing.

A litter of boughs was hastily constructed, and with heavy hearts we took our way to the residence of his parents. I will not attempt to describe the heart-rending scene when they saw the body. Grief like theirs cannot be portrayed.

This was my first encounter with a rattlesnake, and I pray God it may be the last. L. A. S. Clopton, Ala., 1870.

The Cause and Prevention of Rust in Cotton.

An Essay read before the Pomological and Farmer's Club of Society Hill.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD.

It is well known that cotton usually rusts about the period of its fruiting. I have never known a young plant to be affected by the disease. It is at the time of fruiting that the demands upon the soil are largest. The ash of the cotton seed amounts to four per cent. of weight, and is one of the richest of all vegetable substances in inorganic matter. It might be expected, then, that any defect of the soil would be exhibited at this critical period, and the vigor and strength of the plant being impaired, it would fall an easy victim to disease. It is a well attested fact that manuring, at this time, has often checked the development of rust. Again, it has been observed that cotton manured with guano has taken rust, while that unmanured and adjacent has escaped.—This fact is not singular when we reflect that the effect of guano, especially in small quantities, is soon exhausted, and the plant is then left upon very poor soils in worse condition than if no manure had been used.

Again, it is said that the prolific varieties, which are now known under the general term Dickson seed, were found more liable to rust than the ordinary varieties.—The principle upon which this depends will not be difficult to discover when we examine into the exact function which the plant performs in producing fruit.

Alone the plant can produce nothing. It can only work up into living forms the dead elements of the soil, and, if these elements are wanting, the very tendency to fruitfulness is itself a source of failure.

In the report of a commission appointed by the Government of Australia, to investigate the cause of mildew in wheat, it is stated as supported by facts that the more improved and productive varieties were peculiarly subject to the disease. This truth is sustained by analogies from animal life. In prodigious stock require improved pasturage, and improved and prolific plants require a higher condition of the soil.

THE REMEDIES INDICATED.

The limits of our essay will not allow a further statement of facts. From what has been said, I think we may conclude that whatever may be the exact nature of the disease, its exciting cause varies with the varied condition of soil and season. It may be affirmed that whatever unhealthy to the plant will generally cause it to develop rust. A general remedy is alone to be found in judicious manuring and cultivation. A special cause will often require the application of a special remedy.

There is a disposition among the purely practical farmers of the country to ascribe the disease to some general cause, such, for example, as the presence of the poeweed, and to seek for a remedy applicable to all cases. In this view, common salt is sometimes recommended as a panacea. The value of salt, both as a manure and as a remedy for mildew in grain, constitutes one of the most vexed questions in the literature of English agriculture, and its value in this country seems equally uncertain. Some remarkable facts have been stated to me by several of our best farmers, attesting its value as a preventive of rust. But it is difficult to account for its action in this respect. Its base constitutes one of the least important elements which enter into plants, and its value as a septic agent must be inferior to both lime and ash. Its effect in destroying in-

sect-life is well known, and in England it has been found equally destructive to fungus growth. It is to this that Professor Johnston ascribes its value both as a preventive and a remedy for mildew.—Whether it acts in this way upon the disease in our cotton plant, would depend upon whether it were of the same character. I propose during the present season to make some careful experiments to test the value of salt as a preventive of rust.—Edward E. Evans, in Rural Carolinian for June.

The present year seems destined to be crowded with both political and physical phenomena. The re-establishment of the second Napoleonic empire by a popular vote; the proclamation of infallibility in a mortal man; the most sudden, and possibly most terrifically destructive war of modern times; the burning of Constantinople; the savage slaughter of struggling patriots in Cuba, have been and are accompanied by an almost universal drought in Europe, the failure of crops, the most awful tornadoes and electric storms, and the most general range of earthquakes experienced within the memory of man. But not the least remarkable of all these incidents to a remarkable epoch has been the surprising succession of hot spells that have made both hemispheres pant and swelter beneath the rays of a sun that seems to be seven times heated. For one month, with only an odd interval to give us breath, the denizens of New York and a wide region of territory north and west of it have groaned in the torrid temperature of Calcutta. On successive days in June the mercury rose above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and on Thursday last it was ten degrees higher here than at Havana and New Orleans.

In Europe, while the same intensity has not been attained, the heat has been so phenomenal as to bring continued drought and threaten actual famine. The statisticians are recalling former years of similar infliction. In 1214 the Thames river could be crossed near London by wading, after the excessive heat had lasted for four months. France was once terribly tried in this way for a series of six years, viz: From 1523 to 1533, inclusive. The crops were nearly burned up, the rivers dried away, and while the whole land suffered from famine, epidemics broke out at Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Lille and other large cities.—In 1562 not a drop of rain fell in some places for three and a half months, and the sky glowed like a coal. All the rivers were exhausted, and such was the consequent "run" upon the mills to get grain ground to flour, that people fought furiously for the first chance, and many persons were killed. In some districts the inhabitants had to make a circuit of several leagues in search of drinking water. In 1651, 1705, 1716 and 1719, similar heats occurred with like results. The cattle perished wholesale, and thousands of human lives were stifled out by the hot air. In 1788 all Europe was scourged with heat and drought, which were renewed in 1803. Normandy is the great rain region of France, yet, in the year mentioned, not a shower descended during the lapse of ninety-five days. The river Seine almost literally disappeared near Paris, and the face of the country presented, with the glowing firmament overhead, a picture that realized the "land of iron beneath skies of brass" in the awful Scriptural denunciation of Judea.

And now, while a heat worse than the ordinary fury of the dog-star rages, and half the civilized world trembles in the presence of a judgment that all its skill and science cannot stay, the madness of political passion rushes to quench its savage thirst and bespatter the parched earth with gout of human blood.—N. Y. Herald.

Mr. Editor:—I learn, from your comments on the "bell" preventive against Sheep killing Dogs, you advise bullets or strychnine as the only sure remedy. You further say, "until the Legislature puts a tax, amounting to prohibition, on dogs," &c. Now, sir, I differ with you on both points. Some years ago, I owned a pack of fox hounds. Then the Red Fox was unknown in this section of our country, and the Grey Foxes were nearly all caught, consequently I did not appreciate my pack as highly as I had done in my younger days, when the Grey Foxes were more plentiful. My dogs, for the want of better employment, took to killing my sheep. Valuing my sheep more than the dogs, I ordered the dogs to be killed. My son, then quite a young man, begged me not to kill them, but to let him try a plan he had heard of, to break them, which I thought would succeed, to which I consented. He tied each dog separately and, with the assistance of two or three boys, took them to the sheep pasture. He then caught as many of the old sheep as he had dogs, and tied a sheep to each dog. As soon as they were turned loose, the sheep ran off with the dogs and the boys after them, whipping the dogs. The sheep, after becoming worried, turned upon the dogs and butted them severely. This sport was kept up until the dogs were completely exhausted. When they got back to the house, which was not for several hours, I hardly knew them, their heads were so much swollen. I thought several of them would die. However, they all recovered, and I assure you that neither bullets nor strychnine could have been more effectual. They could never bear the sight or smell of a sheep after that. And now, sir, for your prohibitive tax on dogs: I admit there are too many "curs of low degree" in the State, both of the canine and homo genus; but I object to taxing dogs, because they are not considered property. If a prohib-

itive tax was put on all dogs, the Red Fox, an animal becoming more numerous every year, would, in less than ten years, destroy every Pig, Lamb and Turkey in the country, therefore, to get rid of a great evil you would incur a much greater one.

Yours, &c. D.

THE FRENCH NATION.—Alexis de Tocqueville says: Did there ever appear on the earth another nation so fertile in contrasts, so extreme in its acts—more under the dominion of feeling, less ruled by principle; always better or worse than was anticipated—now below the level of humanity, now far above; a people so unchangeable in its leading features, that it may be recognized by portraits drawn two or three thousand years ago, and yet so fickle in its daily opinions and tastes, that it becomes at last a mystery to itself, and is as much astonished as strangers at the sight of what it has done?—Naturally fond of home and routine, yet when once driven forth and forced to adopt new customs, ready to carry principles at any lengths and to dare anything; indolent by disposition, but even better pleased with the arbitrary, and even violent rule of a sovereign, than with a free and regular government under its chief citizens; now fixed in hostility to subjection of any kind, now so passionately wedded to servitude, that nations made to serve cannot vie with it; led by a thread so long as no word of resistance is spoken—wholly ungovernable when the standard of revolt is raised—thus always deceiving its masters, who fear it too much or too little; never so free that it cannot be subjugated, never so kept down that it cannot break the yoke; qualified for every pursuit, but excelling in nothing but war; more prone to worship chance, force, success, eclat, noise, than real glory; endowed with more heroism than virtue; more genius than common sense; better adapted for the conception of grand designs than the accomplishment of great enterprises; the most brilliant and the most dangerous nation of Europe, and the one that is nearest to inspire admiration, hatred, terror or pity, but never indifference.

PASS THEM ROUND.—Most of us have heard of a certain poor man, who, traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, was robbed and otherwise most shamefully handled and left on the road for dead. We had of late the misfortune to fall into the hands of certain sharpers of a couple of Insurance Companies from whom we have received similar treatment, except as to the corporeal trouncing. These humane, illustrious and noble corporations are the Lycoming, of Muncy, Pennsylvania, and the United States Fire and Marine, of Baltimore.

The course pursued by these just and high-toned gentlemen upon sustaining a loss is highly instructive. They at once send out a sharp and skillful agent, who examines the ground, picks out flaws and makes the ignorant and unfortunate policy-holder believe that his papers are utterly worthless. They then give him to understand that he must go five or six hundred miles from home, see a lawyer in New York at a cost of \$250 or \$500, and sue for his money—otherwise he may whistle!—When his feelings get down about zero and he begins to feel sorry that he was not burnt up in his building, they change their tone, tell him they are unwilling to press their legal advantage and propose a compromise, in which he receives twenty-five or fifty per cent. upon the face of his policies. If our readers please to believe us, they will give a wide berth to the "Lycoming" and "United States."

[Marion Crescent, 3d inst.

NOTEWORTHY.—Should the price of salt take a sudden rise in our community, our readers may account for it from the following: We know our fair readers never dreamed that the great bunch of "hair," which fashion calls a chignon, had anything to do with the price of salt, but it is a fact.—We are informed that the Virginia Salt Works Company paid last year about one thousand dollars more for salt sacks than they did the previous year, owing to the rise in the price of Jute, the material of which the sacks are made. "Well, but what have chignons to do with that?" Why, your chignon, fair lady, is made of Jute, too, and the great demand for the material to make chignons has raised the price to advance; and that is how your chignon came to increase the price of salt, as well as the size of your head.

Americans Abroad.

One day last fall, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way toward the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an itinerant vender of pictures who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," said he, "and you can give them to your American friend to take home with him."

I was in a hurry, but my wonderment would have stopped me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know that I was an American?" I asked.

"Why, I couldn't mistake that," the picture-seller replied, with a quiet laugh.

"You're American all over," I purchased a picture and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That is an American fashion."

"Well—if it were not for that?" He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear square toes."

"Well—what else?"

"Your chin whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton-chop style."

"Well—anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir?"

"Not at all; I am asking for information."

"I should know you by your thin, peaked face."

"Well my friend," I said, "I fancy you are to the end of your catalogue now. Suppose that I wore a stiff high-crowned hat, round-toed boots, mutton-chopped whiskers, and a face as red and chabby as any in Britain—would you be able to know me for an American then?"

"Certainly I should, as soon as I heard you speak," the fellow triumphantly answered. "You Americans invariably commence every sentence with a well."

My English friend laughed long and loud at the man's adroitness.

"I believe he is more than half right," he said. "See if your nationality is not detected everywhere you go."

It was even so. In Paris I was importuned to buy a photograph of Lafayette, because he was "ze friend of ze American;" in Genoa a dirty vagabond was clamorous to exhibit to me the house where Columbus was born, because he discovered the "signor's great countree."

From the Union Times.

Sheep-Killing Dogs.

Mr. Editor:—I learn, from your comments on the "bell" preventive against Sheep killing Dogs, you advise bullets or strychnine as the only sure remedy. You further say, "until the Legislature puts a tax, amounting to prohibition, on dogs," &c. Now, sir, I differ with you on both points. Some years ago, I owned a pack of fox hounds. Then the Red Fox was unknown in this section of our country, and the Grey Foxes were nearly all caught, consequently I did not appreciate my pack as highly as I had done in my younger days, when the Grey Foxes were more plentiful. My dogs, for the want of better employment, took to killing my sheep. Valuing my sheep more than the dogs, I ordered the dogs to be killed. My son, then quite a young man, begged me not to kill them, but to let him try a plan he had heard of, to break them, which I thought would succeed, to which I consented. He tied each dog separately and, with the assistance of two or three boys, took them to the sheep pasture. He then caught as many of the old sheep as he had dogs, and tied a sheep to each dog. As soon as they were turned loose, the sheep ran off with the dogs and the boys after them, whipping the dogs. The sheep, after becoming worried, turned upon the dogs and butted them severely. This sport was kept up until the dogs were completely exhausted. When they got back to the house, which was not for several hours, I hardly knew them, their heads were so much swollen. I thought several of them would die. However, they all recovered, and I assure you that neither bullets nor strychnine could have been more effectual. They could never bear the sight or smell of a sheep after that. And now, sir, for your prohibitive tax on dogs: I admit there are too many "curs of low degree" in the State, both of the canine and homo genus; but I object to taxing dogs, because they are not considered property. If a prohib-

QUITE A romance was connected with the family of Mrs. S. B. Merriam, who died a few days ago, at Waterbury, Conn. She was beautiful in her youth, and was sought by Mr. Merriam and by Mr. J. M. L. Scoville, who was disappointed. Scoville waited patiently until the oldest daughter, of his first love captivated him, but again found himself too late, she having become affianced to a Mr. Morton.—Scoville again waited, and when Mr. Morton died, won his widow, to whom he afterward left a handsome fortune.

WHIPPING the baby is considered sufficient ground for divorce in St. Louis.